NOW! BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER—BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST COMIC . . .

7d

SMASH!

No. 9
2nd. APR. 1966
EVERY THURSDAY

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E?

Intent on looking for clues that will lead him to the H.Q. of Dr. Fu Man Poo, our Man from Bungle fails to notice that the evil Chinese master-crook has him trapped.

How can he escape? That's your problem as well as his. All the clues are in the picture, so work it out for yourself before you turn to our agent's answer on Mr. Knowall's page.

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

HEH-HEH! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE, CHARLIE! HAND OVER YOUR SWEETS!

LAY OFF, YOU ROTTEN BULLY—IT'S ONLY A GAME!

CHARLIE KICKED THE SWITCH OF HIS MAGIC TV SET—AND GUESS WHO LEAPT OUT?

CLICK!

FOR FRANCE, KING LOUIS —AND CHARLIE!

GOSH! IT'S ONE OF THE THREE MUSKETEERS! GOOD OLD TELLY!

TAKE THAT, KNAVE!

CHOP! CHIP!

LUP!

COO! WISH I COULD FENCE LIKE THAT! WOW!

THE VARLET RUNS, MONSIEUR CHARLES!

HELP!

YOU CAME JUST IN TIME! HE WAS GOING TO PINCH MY SWEETS!

HERE—HAVE ONE! THEY'RE SMASHING! TOFFEE-CENTRES!

INDEED, I WILL! TRULY A HANDSOME REWARD!

BUT THEN...

GRRR! I'LL TEACH OLD FANCY BOOTS TO CUT UP MY SWORD!

OH, NO! IT'S THAT ROTTEN BULLY AGAIN!

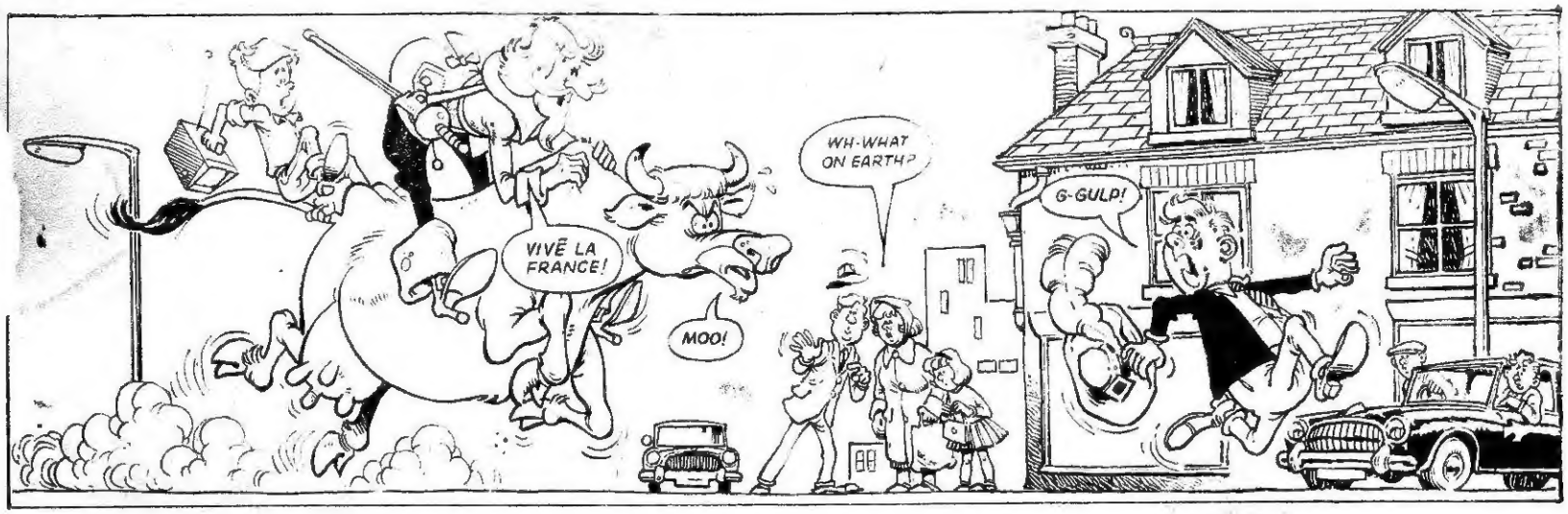
OOH—HE'S JUMPING BACK INSIDE THE TELLY!

VARLET! I'LL GET MY FAITHFUL HORSE AND RUN HIM DOWN!

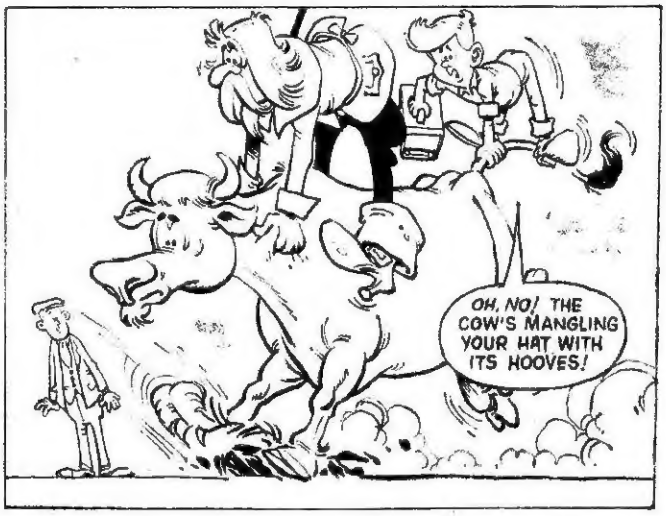
HELP!

MOO!

OH, NO! IT MUST'VE BEEN THE BREAK FOR ADVERTISEMENTS! THAT'S A MILK COMMERCIAL COW!


VIVE LA FRANCE!
MOO!
WH-WHAT ON EARTH?
G-GULP!

HERE! HAVE YOUR ROTTEN HAT BACK! I DON'T WANT A F-FIGHT!


OH, NO! THE COW'S MANGLING YOUR HAT WITH ITS HOOVES!

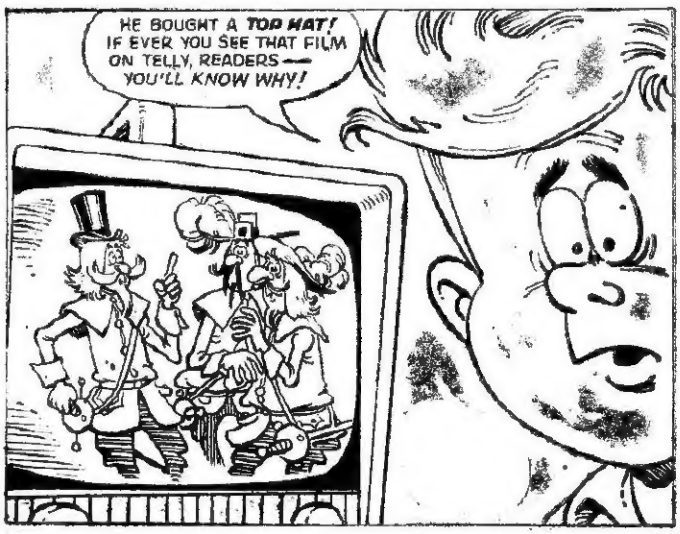
GOSH! IT'S RUINED! YOU CAN'T GO BACK ON THE TELLY WITH THAT! WE'LL HAVE TO GET YOU A NEW ONE!

AND SO...
OH, BOY! WE'RE MAKING LOTS OF LOLLY! SOON HAVE ENOUGH TO BUY A NEW HAT!
FRESH MILK
A BOTTLE

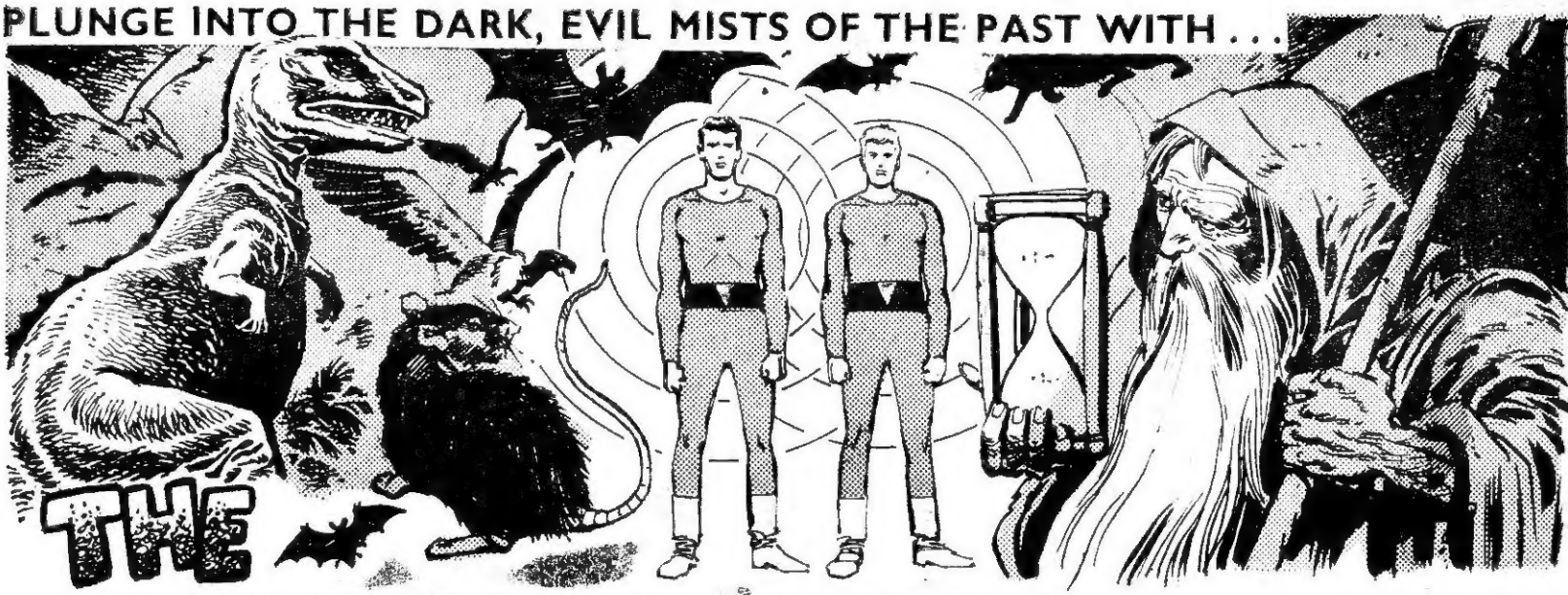
HATS
MAGNIFICENT! YES, I'LL HAVE ZAT ONE!
WELL, EVERYTHING'S TURNING OUT FINE TODAY, AFTER ALL!

GOOD-DAY, MONSIEUR! GOOD-DAY!
HERE HE COMES NOW! BETTER GET THE TELLY ON, SO THAT HE CAN GET BACK IN!

OH, NO!


HE BOUGHT A TOP HAT! IF EVER YOU SEE THAT FILM ON TELLY, READERS — YOU'LL KNOW WHY!

PLUNGE INTO THE DARK, EVIL MISTS OF THE PAST WITH . . .



THE LEGEND TESTERS

IN A LONELY CORNER OF THE SEA-TORMENTED COAST OF WILD NORTHUMBRIA, A BATTLE-SCARRED PACK OF VIKING ADVENTURERS WERE SPILLING SAXON BLOOD FOR THE LAST TIME...

AAAH...!

TOWERING ABOVE ALL AROUND HIM WAS THE GIANT LEADER OF THE VIKINGS — **ERIK THE LONG!**

WE ARE LOST! THERE ARE TWENTY SAXONS FOR EACH ONE OF US!

FIGHT ON, MY SEA-WOLVES! OUR SOULS SHALL SUP THIS NIGHT IN THE HIGHEST PLACE IN VALHALLA!

THE NORSEMEN DIED STUBBORNLY- UNTIL ONLY THEIR MIGHTY LEADER REMAINED...

HIS SWORD IS NEVER STILL. IT PROTECTS HIS HEAD AND BODY LIKE AN IRON BARRIER!

A DARING SAXON DUCKED LOW BENEATH ERIK'S SINGING BLADE...

...AND HIS SWORD CUT CLEAN THROUGH BOTH OF ERIK'S LEGS AT THE ANKLE!

WITH HIS PRECIOUS LIFE'S BLOOD LEAKING INTO NORTHUMBRIAN SOIL, ERIK DROPPED TO HIS KNEES. BUT, EVEN SO, HE STOOD A HEAD TALLER THAN MOST OF HIS FOES.

I CANNOT COME TO YOU. SO COME TO ME — IF **YOU DARE!**

HE **STILL** FIGHTS ON!

ANOTHER SCORE OF SAXONS FELL BEFORE ERIK THE LONG BREATHED HIS LAST...

...AND IT WAS A FAILING HEART — NOT A SAXON HAND — THAT BROUGHT HIM TO A WARRIOR'S REST.

THEN A STRANGE THING HAPPENED TO TWO OF THE SAXONS WHO HAD TAKEN NO PART IN THE BATTLE...

1000 A.D.
1100 A.D.
1500 A.D.
1900 A
2500 A.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THEIR BODIES FADED **AND BEGAN TO RACE FORWARD THROUGH THE CENTURIES OF THE FUTURE!**

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS HAD RETURNED WITH IT TO THE CENTURY FROM WHICH THEY HAD SET OUT...

JUNE 7, 3900 A.D.

AH – STONES! YOU'RE BACK. WHERE WAS IT YOU WENT?

THE TENTH CENTURY, SIR. WE WERE ASKED TO DO A CHECK ON THIS SWORD OF ERIK THE LONG.

NOT UNTIL THE YEAR 3900 A.D. WAS REACHED DID THE FANTASTIC FLIGHT THROUGH TIME CEASE. AND ERIK THE LONG'S SWORD WAS IN THE HAND OF ONE OF THE 'SAXONS'...

THE CHIEF CONTROLLER TURNED BACK TO THE GROUP OF STUDENTS WHO WERE BEING SHOWN ROUND THE MUSEUM...

CHIEF CONTROLLER MARCSON, HEAD OF THE FORTIETH CENTURY CENTRAL KNOWLEDGE MUSEUM, NODDED...:

HOW DID IT GO?

OH – THE SWORD'S QUITE GENUINE. USED BY ERIK AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH. BUT SOME OF OUR FACTS ON HIS LAST BATTLE NEED RE-WRITING.

THIS TIME-CHAMBER IS THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE. WE USE IT TO CHECK OUR HISTORICAL RECORDS.

A HISTORY-TESTER, LIKE ROLLO STONES, ENTERS THE CHAMBER WITH ONE OF THE EXHIBITS FROM THE MUSEUM. AND, IF THE EXHIBIT IS GENUINE, THE MACHINE TRANSPORTS THE TESTER BACK THROUGH TIME TO THE PERIOD WHEN IT WAS IN USE.

SO THE TESTER ACTUALLY **SEES HISTORY BEING MADE** AND CAN THEN RETURN AND RE-WRITE THE HISTORY RECORDS IF THEY'RE WRONG! WOW! WHAT A WEIRD WAY TO EARN A LIVING!

ROLLO'S WAY OF LIFE WAS TO BECOME EVEN STRANGER. THAT AFTERNOON...

SO FAR WE HAVE ONLY TESTED THE TRUTH OF **HISTORICAL** FACTS. BUT NOW I WANT TO CHECK ON THE COUNTLESS MYTHS AND LEGENDS THAT HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN TO US.

YOU MEAN FIND OUT WHETHER SUCH THINGS AS HOBGOBLINS, VAMPIRE-BATS AND THINGS EVER REALLY EXISTED?

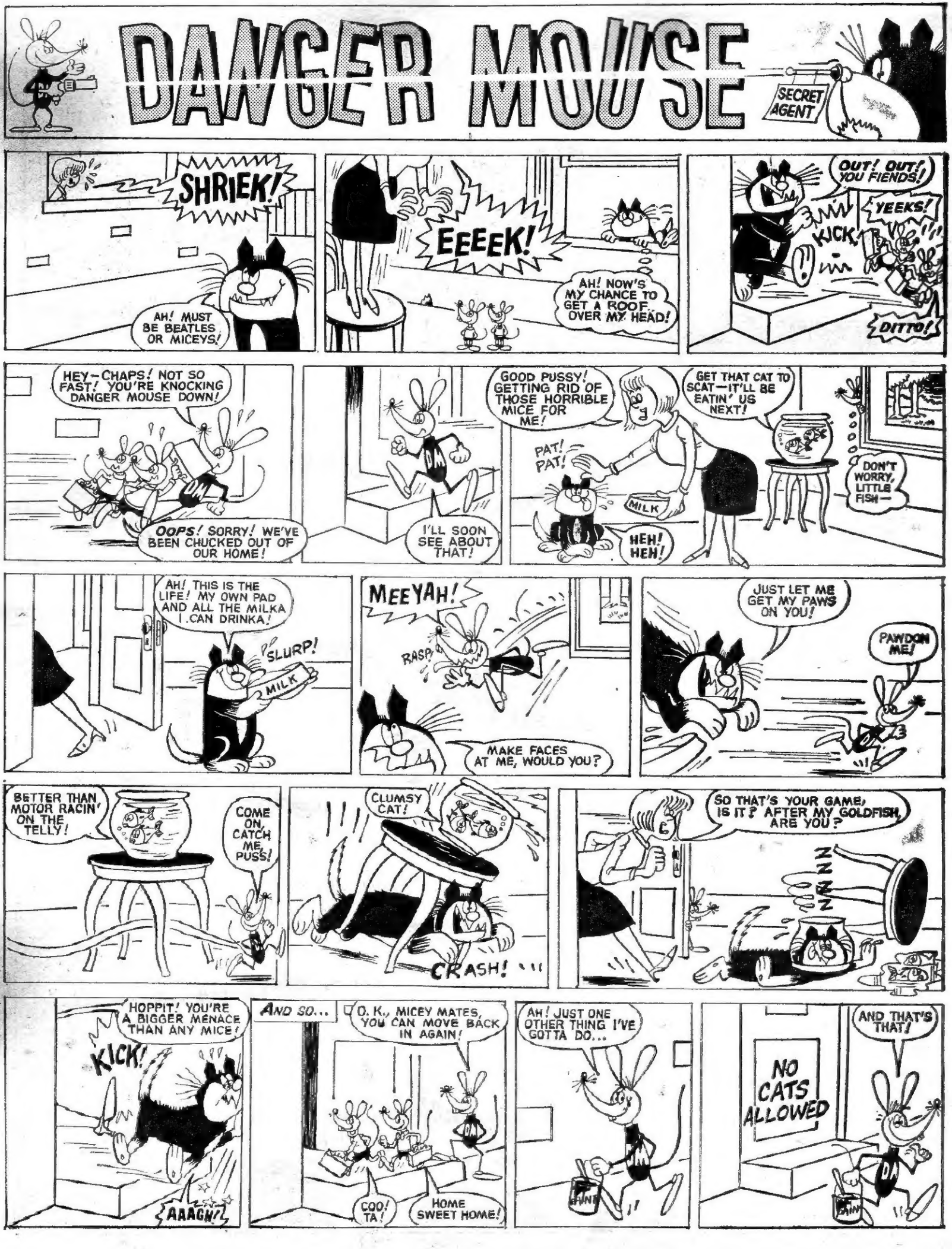
CONTINUED OVER PAGE...

THAT'S RIGHT — SO NOW I'M LOOKING FOR A LEGEND TESTER.
YOU'VE GOT ONE, SIR!
ER... YOU'VE GOT TWO. WHAT'S OUR FIRST JOB, SIR?
MARCSON REACHED INTO A DRAWER...
THIS IS REPUTED TO BE THE SKULL OF A WERE-WOLF. I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHETHER IT IS!
NEXT MORNING...
WHERE WILL YOU BE GOING?
I'M NOT CERTAIN. ABOUT THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, I SHOULD THINK.
MUSIELIM WARDROBE
20TH CENTURY
HERE'S THE SKULL, STONES. AND GOOD LUCK.
THIS IS THE MOMENT WHEN I ALWAYS WISH IT WERE POSSIBLE TO TAKE SOME MODERN WEAPONS WITH US!
THE MASTER CONTROL SWITCH CLICKED DOWN...
INSIDE THE CHAMBER...
WE'RE STARTING TO GO BACK THROUGH TIME, ROLLO!
THAT MEANS THE... SKULL... IS... GENUINE...
THE PRESENT FADED INTO A MIST THAT SLOWLY CLEARED...
BRR! WHERE DO YOU THINK WE ARE, ROLLO?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT THERE IS EVIL ABROAD HERE. I CAN SMELL IT IN THE VERY AIR!
EVEN AS ROLLO SPOKE, A SHUDDERING HOWL FLOATED ABOVE THE GAUNT TREES, PIERCING THE CHILL MIST. IT WAS A CRY THAT SEEMED NEITHER ANIMAL NOR HUMAN!
AAAAAAOOAA!
THE WERE-WOLVES! THEY'RE HERE IN THIS FOREST!

WHAT STARTLING SECRET WILL HISTORY REVEAL? SEE NEXT WEEK!

BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1966
OH, BOY! I'M GOIN' TO HAVE FUN AT THE FUN FAIR!
FUN FAIR – OPENS TODAY ON THE SPARE GROUND OFF ELM STREET
BUY WHAM
WHIRR!!
PENNY SNEAKS ROUND THE BACK OF THE FUN FAIR STALLS...
HELLO – THERE'S A HOLE IN THE CANVAS – I'LL HAVE A PEEP THROUGH!
OW!
I HIT AN UGLY FACE!! WHERE'S MY PRIZE?
3 BALLS FOR 6 HIT AN UGLY FACE AND WIN A PRIZE!
BAH – I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET INTO A SIDESHOW WITHOUT PAYIN'!
THROB!
I'LL SNEAK IN THROUGH THIS GAP IN THE BACK OF THIS TENT!
TEE HEE! I'VE SNEAKED IN! WONDER WHAT THIS SIDESHOW IS?
BEARDED LADY
STAMP!
OW!
GURR! I'LL TEACH YOU TO SNEAK IN WITHOUT PAYING!
SPLUDGE!
GLUE
BEARDED LADY AND BEARDED GIRL
HUM!
NOW YOU CAN SIT THERE FOR HALF AN HOUR, PENNY!
LATER...
I'LL HAVE A GO AT THE DARTS!
WHAM
3 DARTS FOR 6D
PRIZE
PRIZE
DARTS
SCORE 70 OR OVER TO WIN A PRIZE. 3 DARTS FOR 6D.
HUH – THE FIRST TWO DARTS BOUNCED OUT OF THE BOARD. I'LL TAKE A GOOD RUN UP FOR THE THIRD DART!
DARTS
SCORE 70 OR OVER T
WIN A PRIZE. 3 DART
THIS SHOULD DO!
I'LL PUT A ROLLER SKATE UNDER THE MAT FOR EXTRA SPEED!
WHEEE!
ZOOOM
OOH! LOVELY CANDY FLOSS!
ZOOM
ZOOM!
CRASH!
HERCULES MULLIGAN SEE HIS GREAT FEATS OF STRENGTH!
RIP!
ZIP!
JAB!
AAARGH!
CRUNCH!
PENNY'S DART WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE CANVAS INTO THE NEXT SIDE-SHOW!
COME HERE, YOU!

CLANG!
THUD!
OH, WELL – I'LL SEE IF I GET A GOOD LAUGH IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS!
TITTER!
OOH, AREN'T I LOVELY?
HAR! HAR! THAT'S THE VERY BEST REFLECTION YET! HEE-HEE!
?
HAW, HAW! WHAT AN UGLY, FAT THING!
DODGEM CARS
6D
GURR!! I'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE CHEEKY REMARKS ABOUT ME!
BUMP!
CRUMBS – THAT WASN'T MY REFLECTION! THAT WAS THE FUN FAIR'S FAT LADY!
Leo Baxendale


DANGER MOUSE
SECRET AGENT
SHRIEK!
AH! MUST BE BEATLES OR MICEYS!
EEEEK!
AH! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET A ROOF OVER MY HEAD!
OUT! OUT! YOU FIENDS!
YEEKS!
KICK!
DITTO!
HEY—CHAPS! NOT SO FAST! YOU'RE KNOCKING DANGER MOUSE DOWN!
OOPS! SORRY! WE'VE BEEN CHUCKED OUT OF OUR HOME!
I'LL SOON SEE ABOUT THAT!
GOOD PUSSY! GETTING RID OF THOSE HORRIBLE MICE FOR ME!
GET THAT CAT TO SCAT—IT'LL BE EATIN' US NEXT!
PAT! PAT!
MILK
HEH! HEH!
DON'T WORRY, LITTLE FISH—
AH! THIS IS THE LIFE! MY OWN PAD AND ALL THE MILKA I CAN DRINKA!
SLURP!
MILK
MEEYAH!
RASP!
MAKE FACES AT ME, WOULD YOU?
JUST LET ME GET MY PAWS ON YOU!
PAWDON ME!
BETTER THAN MOTOR RACIN' ON THE TELLY!
COME ON, CATCH ME, PUSS!
CLUMSY CAT!
CRASH!
SO THAT'S YOUR GAME, IS IT? AFTER MY GOLDFISH, ARE YOU?
ZZZZZ
HOPPIT! YOU'RE A BIGGER MENACE THAN ANY MICE!
KICK!
AAAGH!
AND SO...
O. K., MICEY MATES, YOU CAN MOVE BACK IN AGAIN!
COO! TA!
HOME SWEET HOME!
AH! JUST ONE OTHER THING I'VE GOTTA DO...
AND THAT'S THAT!
NO CATS ALLOWED

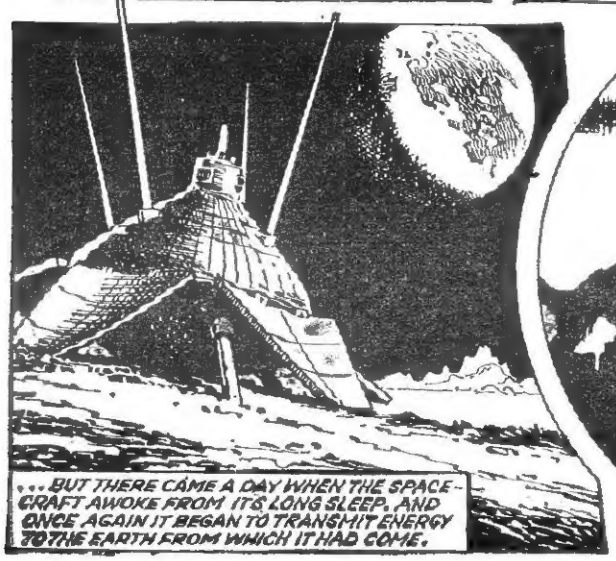
MOON MADNESS

ATTENTION!

Special warning to readers. When this story is published these events may not yet have taken place. For your own safety, be prepared for emergency at all times.

IT ALL BEGAN AS A FRONT-PAGE STORY THAT WAS READ IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD.
I DON'T HOLD WITH ALL THIS MEDDLING WITH OUTER SPACE. YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN AS A RESULT.
THE SCIENTISTS KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING, DAD— I HOPE!

FOR SOME DAYS LUNA NINE RELAYED PHOTOGRAPHS AND INFORMATION FROM THE MOON'S BLEAK, UNFRIENDLY SURFACE. THEN THE TRANSMISSIONS CEASED. AND THE WORLD FORGOT LUNA NINE...


...BUT THERE CAME A DAY WHEN THE SPACE-CRAFT AWOKE FROM ITS LONG SLEEP, AND ONCE AGAIN IT BEGAN TO TRANSMIT ENERGY TO THE EARTH FROM WHICH IT HAD COME.

BENEATH THE BRILLIANT FULL MOON THAT SHONE THAT NIGHT, THE AIR WAS MADE HIDEOUS BY THE HOWLING OF DOGS AND THE SCREECHING OF CATS...

IT WAS A WARNING OF THE TERRIBLE EVILS TO COME, BUT IT WAS A WARNING THAT WENT UNHEEDED!
DRATTED CATS! HOW'S A MAN EXPECTED TO SLEEP?

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, A PERTHSHIRE FARMER HEARD A [illegible] BELLOWING.
THAT'S THE OLD BULL IN THE TEN-ACRE FIELD. I'D BEST SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.
[illegible] SPRAWLED ACROSS THE FIELD...
ONLY REMEMBER PLANTING TURNIPS IN THAT FIELD—AND LOOK WHAT'S COME UP. BETTER TELL THE CONSTABLE.
TELEPHONE WIRES HUMMED AND TWO HOURS LATER AN R.A.F. HELICOPTER TOOK OFF FROM THE BASE AT KINROSS
WE SURE GET SOME RUM JOBS. A FARMER THINKS HE SEES SOMETHING IN HIS FIELD, AND WE'RE ASKED TO TAKE A LOOK AT IT.
NEVER MIND, SARGE. IT MAKES A NICE MORNING OUT.
WELL – THERE'S THE FARM, AND THERE'S THE FIELD.
SARGE! DO YOU REALISE WHAT THAT THING DOWN THERE IS?
IT... IT'S A GIGANTIC ARM AND HAND!
BACK AT THEIR BASE THE ASTOUNDED SERGEANT AND CORPORAL MADE THEIR REPORT.
BUT IT'S TRUE, SIR! IT LOOKED LIKE A HUGE ARM AND HAND—
IF I PASSED THAT REPORT ALONG, I'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE R.A.F. I'LL REPORT IT AS AN UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT— TO BE INVESTIGATED.
THE OBJECT WAS BEING INVESTIGATED AT THAT VERY MOMENT — BY FARMER FAIRLIE'S PRIZE BULL...
THE GREAT FINGERS MOVED!
EEEEEEEN!
THE BULL'S ENRAGED BELLOW TURNED TO A THIN SCREECH OF PAIN AND FEAR!

YOU DARE NOT MISS NEXT WEEK'S FANTASTIC INSTALMENT OF *MOON MADNESS!*

Percy's Pets

PUFF! I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS IN THIS CRATE!

FASTER, YOU SLOWCOACHES! LEFT. RIGHT! LEFT. RIGHT!

LEFT RIGHT! —HALT!

THIS WAY UP

G.P.O.

POST MASTER GENERAL

HERE YOU ARE, PERCY— A PRESENT FROM YOUR UNCLE STANLEY IN AFRICA!

COO! WONDER WHAT IT IS?

IT'S AN OSTRICH! JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!

GIBBER-GIBBER! I'M GETTIN' TOO OLD FOR THIS JOB!

COME ON, OSSIE! STEP IT OUT, OR I'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!

ERK! OH, FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN PEOPLE ONLY SENT POSTCARDS TO ONE ANOTHER!

BOYS

?

THE ROTTEN HEADMASTER'S THREATENED TO WHACK ME IF I BRING MY PETS TO SCHOOL —SO YOU'D BETTER HIDE!

THAT'S NO GOOD, YOU SOPPY IDIOT! HIDE ALL OF YOURSELF!

OSSIE, YOU FORGOT TO TUCK YOUR BODY IN!

MUMBLE-MUMBLE!

EEEKS! A MONSTROUS BIRD IS DRAGGING POOR, DEFENCELESS PERCY UNDERGROUND!

THUD

TAKE THAT, YOU FEATHERED FIEND!

SQUAWK!

SSSSSS!

OOER! IT'S GOT ITS BEADY EYE ON ME!

MUMBLE-MUMBLE!

KICK ME, WOULD YOU? TAKE THAT!

SPLAT!

AAAAGH!

WHUMP!

MUMBLE-MUMBLE!

TWEET!

TWEET!

MMMMMM

OOH, LOOK! WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIDING YOU, OSSIE! THE HEAD'S HAVING A QUIET SLEEP BY THE SCHOOL WALL!

AND, IN CLASS

GRRRR! JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH THAT PERCY WITHOUT HIS FIENDISH FEATHER-DUSTER!

ARE! ARE!

TREMBLE

I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU A LECTURE ON THE PERILS OF BIRDS'-NESTING, BUT INSTEAD I THINK I'LL JUST HAVE A NICE, QUIET FAINT!

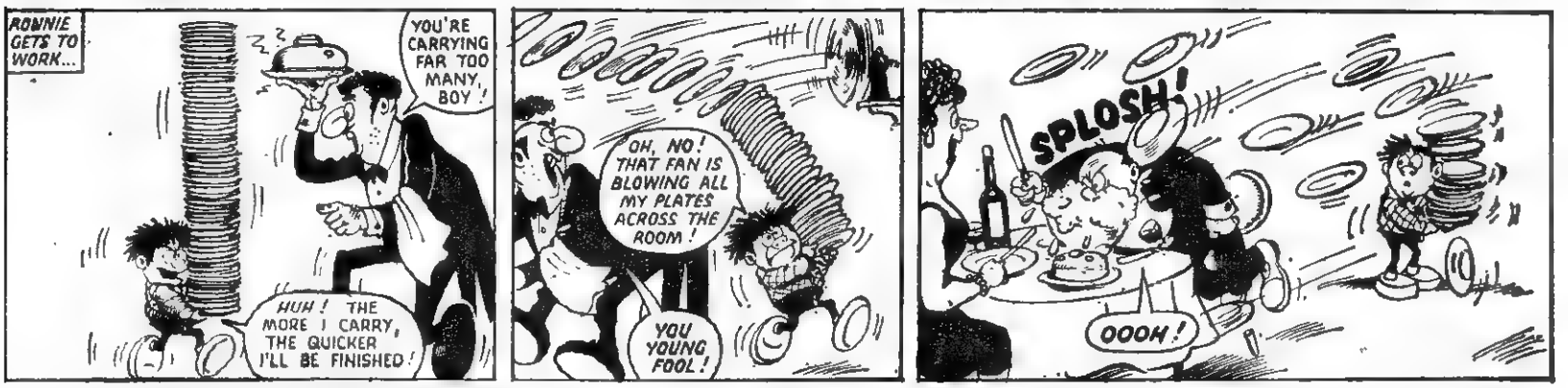
GOOD OL' PERCY!

HOORAY! LET'S ALL GO OUT AN' PLAY FOOTBALL!

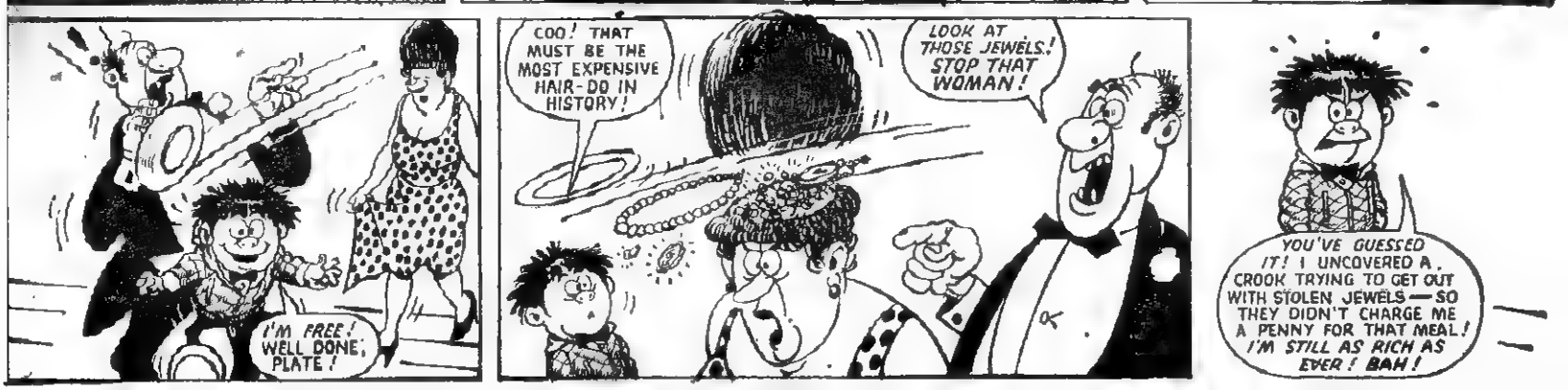
RONNIE RICH

UGH! BANGERS AND MASH AGAIN!
OUR SCHOOL DINNERS ARE THE WORST IN THE WORLD!
I KNOW HOW TO GET BETTER SCHOOL DINNERS AND GET RID OF SOME MONEY!
SPLUDGE!
COME ON, LADS! DINNER'S ON ME TODAY!
YIPPEE!
SLUPP!
GOOD OLD RON!
YAHOO! WE'LL GET A SLAP-UP NOSH TODAY!
HUH! I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY ALLOW HORRIBLE LITTLE KIDS IN A POSH HOTEL LIKE THIS!

SNIFF!
SNIFF!
I'LL HAVE CAVIARE AND CHIPS, MATE!
KIPPERS AND CUSTARD FOR ME!
GIVE ME SOME OYSTERS AND BEANS, MY GOOD MAN!
I'LL SOON BE BROKE! I'VE ONLY GOT A HUNDRED POUNDS LEFT. WHEN THAT'S SPENT, I'LL BE ABLE TO INHERIT GRANNIE'S MILLION POUNDS!
ONE MONSTER TUCK-IN LATER...
YOUR BILL, SIR! SNIFF!
THANKS, MY GOOD MAN!
HELP! THE BILL'S COME TO TEN POUNDS MORE THAN I'VE GOT!
HA! HA! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WASH TEN POUNDS' WORTH OF DISHES, WON'T YOU? HA! HA!


RONNIE GETS TO WORK...
YOU'RE CARRYING FAR TOO MANY, BOY!
HUH! THE MORE I CARRY, THE QUICKER I'LL BE FINISHED!
OH, NO! THAT FAN IS BLOWING ALL MY PLATES ACROSS THE ROOM!
YOU YOUNG FOOL!
SPLOSH!
OOOH!

OH, OH! WATCH THIS, READERS!
OOH!
UG! AGH!
OH, NO! I'M REALLY FOR IT, NOW!
SO IT WAS YOU AGAIN!
SPLUTTER!
OH DEAR — WHAT A PROPER 'DISH-UP'!


I'M FREE! WELL DONE, PLATE!
COO! THAT MUST BE THE MOST EXPENSIVE HAIR-DO IN HISTORY!
LOOK AT THOSE JEWELS! STOP THAT WOMAN!
YOU'VE GUESSED IT! I UNCOVERED A CROOK TRYING TO GET OUT WITH STOLEN JEWELS — SO THEY DIDN'T CHARGE ME A PENNY FOR THAT MEAL! I'M STILL AS RICH AS EVER! BAH!

SPACE JINX

THE SPACE-SHIP CREW HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE PIRATICAL CREW OF ANOTHER SPACE-SHIP—AND JINX, WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE, HAS GOT ALL CAUGHT UP WITH THE FLAG MAST OF THE PIRATE CRAFT...

YIPE! A NEW PIRATE FLAG! MORE PIRATE BONES FOR ME TO CHOMP UP AN' CHEW! SLURP!

ERK! NICE DOGGIE! PRETTY DOGGIE! GO-AWAY!

EEK! TINNED DOG-FOOD!

GNASH!

PHEW! THANK THE STARS THIS SUIT IS DOG-PROOF!

CLANK!

YOW-E

HULLO! THOSE PUTRID PIRATES ARE MARCHIN' THE ROCKET CREW OFF TO THEIR LAIR!

ER... W-W-WHERE ARE YOU TAKIN' US?

TO THE HIDE-OUT OF PROFESSOR PURGE! HEH! HEH! HEH! NOBODY'S EVER ESCAPED FROM HIS GHASTLY GARRISON—ALIVE!

OO-ER—I WISH I'D GONE TO WORK IN THE POST-OFFICE LIKE ME MUM WANTED ME TO!

THERE IT IS, ME HEARTIES! HOME, SWEET HOME!

MEANWHILE, JINX IS FOLLOWING HIS STOUT COMRADES-IN-ARMS BY FLITTING, UNSEEN, FROM ROCK TO ROCK...

THIS FLIPPIN' SUIT—I CAN'T CONTROL IT!

WHERE'D THEY GO? WHERE AM I? WHAT TIME IS IT? OOH! MY ACHING BONCE!

I SUPPOSE THEY MUST'VE GONE UP THERE—I'LL USE THE JETS IN THIS SUIT TO FOLLOW 'EM!

LET'S HOPE I'M PUSHING THE RIGHT BUTTON...

HELP! WRONG BUTTON! NOW, HOW AM I GOIN' TO GET OUT OF THIS?

FOOOSH!

GOSH! I'VE STRUCK OIL!

H'MM... I MUST MAKE SURE I DON'T PRESS THE WRONG BUTTON THIS TIME...

OH, HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE—THAT DARING YOUNG MAN WITH OIL ON HIS KNEES!

BUT IN THE LAIR OF PROFESSOR PURGE, JINX'S MATES AREN'T HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME...!

SNARRL!

WELL, DID YOU BRING ME BACK THE TREASURE DETECTOR I SENT YOU FOR? HEH-HEH-HEH!

YES, YOUR HONOUR—HERE IT IS, WITH BEST WISHES FROM ME AN' THE BOYS OF THE CREW!

BAH! I HAD ONE OF THESE OUT OF A CRACKER LAST CHRISTMAS!

KER-RASH!

NOT ONLY WOULDN'T IT DETECT TREASURE—IT WOULDN'T EVEN GET RADIO LONDON!

OUF!

SOMEWHERE ON THIS ASTEROID IS BURIED GREENBEARD'S TREASURE—AN' I INTEND TO FIND IT!

AS I CAN'T FIND A SUITABLE TREASURE-DETECTOR, YOU LOT WILL HAVE TO DIG UP THIS WHOLE PLANET BIT BY BIT!

I DON'T DIG THIS CRAZY CHARACTER!

PLEASE, SIR—I'VE GOT FLAT FEET—CAN I BE EXCUSED?

SHUT UP! OR I'LL CHOP 'EM OFF!

GOSH! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP THEM?

COME TO THINK OF IT, WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP MYSELF?

JINX HAS SPOTTED SOMETHING! WHAT IS IT? WE'RE NOT TELLING—BUT WHATEVER IT DOES TO HIM, YOU CAN BE SURE IT MEANS LOTS OF LAUGHS FOR YOU NEXT WEEK!

BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY IS LOOKING AFTER A 'SUPER BRAIN' CREATED BY HIS FATHER, WHO HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED. IN A SINISTER PRIVATE ZOO, THE BRAIN TAKES CONTROL OF A GORILLA— SENDING IT UP TO A LIGHTED ROOM IN A HOUSE IN THE ZOO GROUNDS...

IT'S THE SHE-GORILLA! SHE'S SEEN HER MATE, READY FOR YOUR BRAIN EXPERIMENT— AND IT'S SENT HER CRAZY!

FETCH THE GUARDS!

GUARDS RUSHED IN AND OPENED FIRE...

RAAAAAAAAGGGHHH!

FROM THE CAGE IN THE GROUNDS, BRIAN LOOKED UP AT THE LIGHTED WINDOW...

I WONDER IF THE GORILLA WILL BE ABLE TO TELL US ANY NEWS WHEN IT RETURNS...

TERRIFIED BY THE GUNFIRE, THE GORILLA CHARGED DOWN THE DRAINPIPE...

IT MOANED PITIFULLY AS IT STUMBLED INTO THE CAGE...

I WILL TRY TO COMMUNICATE WITH IT, BRIAN, TO FIND OUT WHETHER IT HAS LEARNT ANY NEWS OF YOUR FATHER.

BUT...:

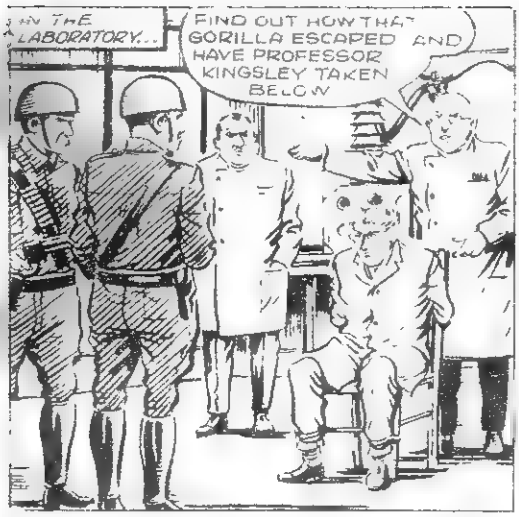
IT'S NO USE. I CANNOT REACH ITS MIND. IT SEEMS TO HAVE RECEIVED SOME TERRIBLE SHOCK.

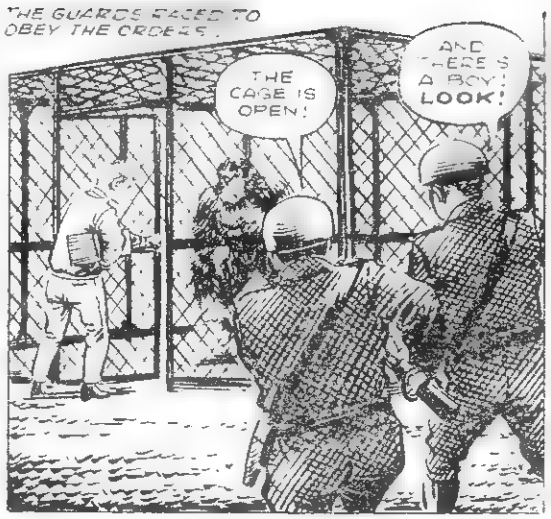
OOOH-AAA!

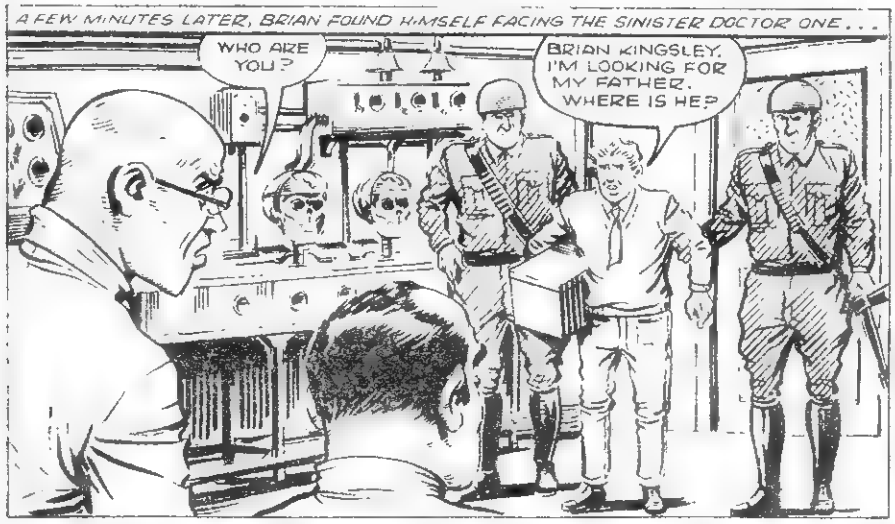
THE GORILLA'S MOANS CHANGED TO ANGRY GROWLS...

GGGRRRRR!

I'D BETTER PUT THE BRAIN BACK IN ITS BOX. THAT GORILLA DOESN'T LOOK VERY FRIENDLY.






A FEW MINUTES LATER, BRIAN FOUND HIMSELF FACING THE SINISTER DOCTOR ONE...
WHO ARE YOU?
BRIAN KINGSLEY. I'M LOOKING FOR MY FATHER. WHERE IS HE?

THE SIGHT OF HIS MATE AT THE WINDOW HAS DISTURBED HIM. BUT HE CANNOT ESCAPE!
RRRRGH!
AND HE WILL BE CALM ENOUGH— AFTER WE HAVE REMOVED HIS BRAIN!

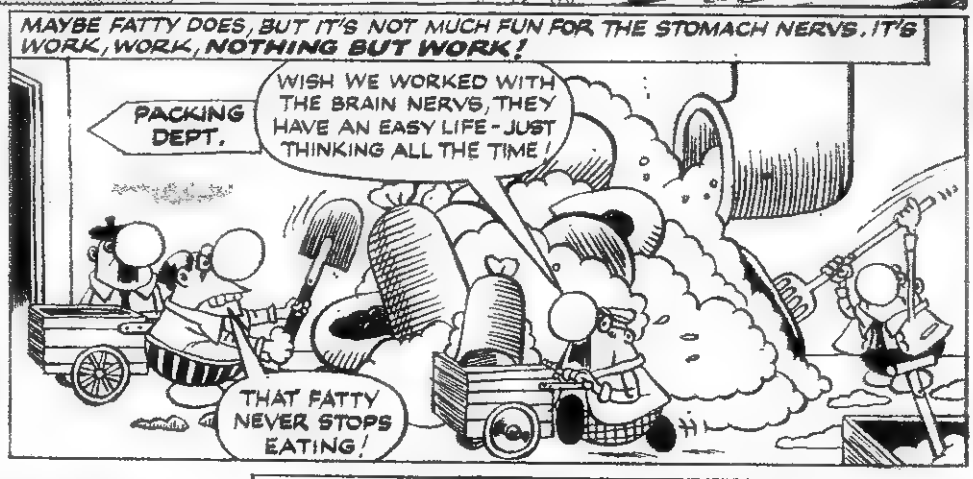
WHILE EVERYONE WAS WATCHING THE FRANTIC GORILLA, BRIAN TOOK THE BRAIN FROM ITS BOX...
...AND PLACED IT ALONGSIDE THE ROBOT BRAINS THE EVIL DOCTOR HAD BEEN WORKING ON.

THERE IS NOTHING OF INTEREST IN HIS POCKETS, AND THE BOX IS EMPTY.
SO! WHAT A PITY HE HAS SEEN TOO MUCH FOR US TO RELEASE HIM. BUT WE CAN MAKE USE OF HIM. PUT HIM THERE!

MUSCLE AGAINST MAN-EATERS IN A SAVAGE BATTLE NEXT WEEK!

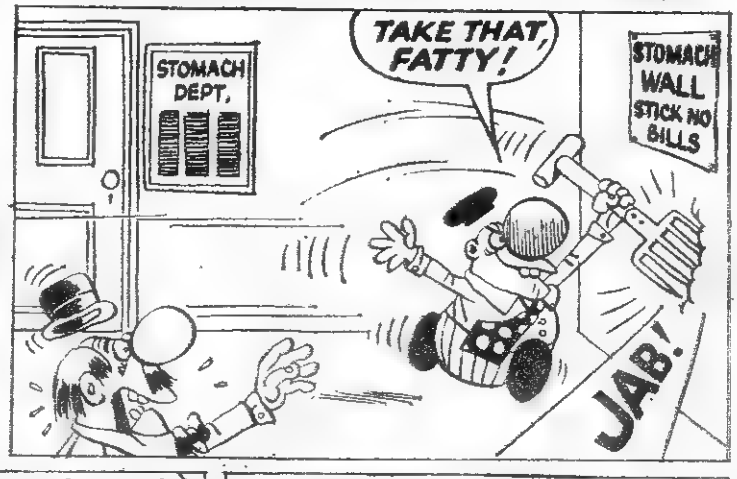
THE NERVS

BOY! DO I LIKE MY GRUB!
GLUG!
MUNCH!


MAYBE FATTY DOES, BUT IT'S NOT MUCH FUN FOR THE STOMACH NERVS. IT'S WORK, WORK, NOTHING BUT WORK!
PACKING DEPT.
WISH WE WORKED WITH THE BRAIN NERVS, THEY HAVE AN EASY LIFE - JUST THINKING ALL THE TIME!
THAT FATTY NEVER STOPS EATING!

SORRY, MATES- I CAN'T GO ON ANOTHER MINUTE!

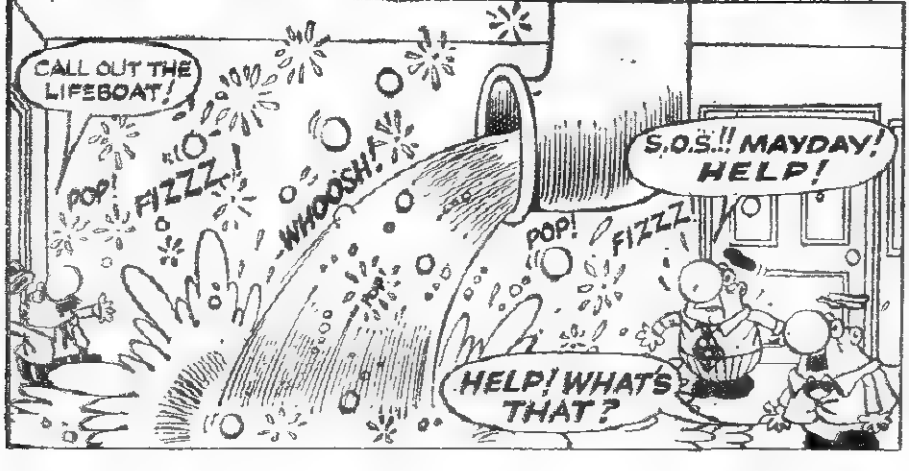
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP FATTY EATING!


STOMACH DEPT.
TAKE THAT, FATTY!
STOMACH WALL STICK NO BILLS
JAB!

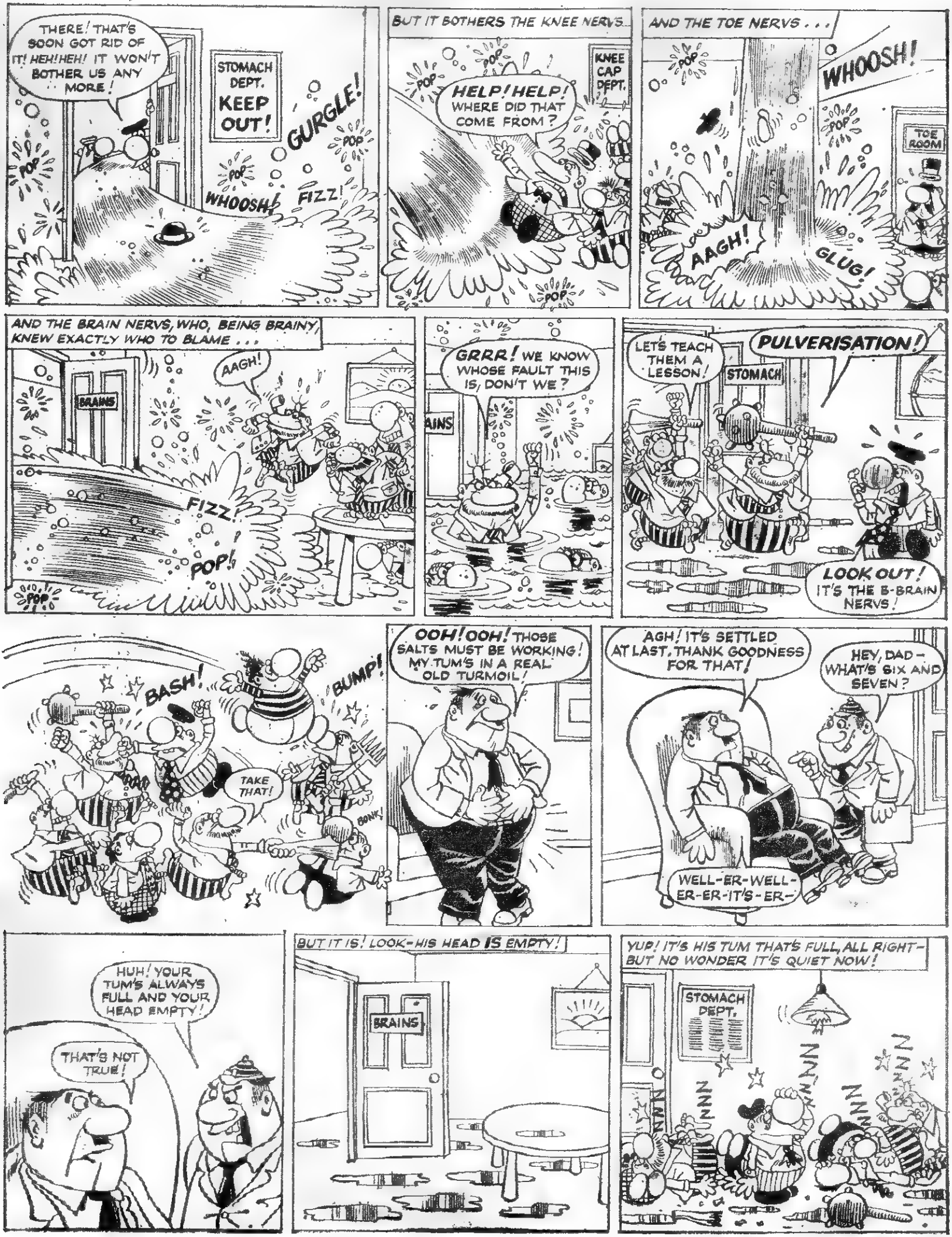
AAAGH!
STAB!

OOH! OOH! I'VE GOT A STABBING PAIN IN MY TUM - I'VE EATEN TOO MUCH!

FATTY TAKES SOME STOMACH SALTS...
GURGLE!


CALL OUT THE LIFEBOAT!
POP!
FIZZZ!
WHOOOSH!
S.O.S.!! MAYDAY! HELP!
POP!
FIZZZ!
HELP! WHAT'S THAT?

POP
POP
POP
STOMACH DEPT.
LEAVE IT TO ME, LADS!


THERE! THAT'S SOON GOT RID OF IT! HEH! HEH! IT WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE!
STOMACH DEPT. KEEP OUT!
GURGLE!
POP
WHOOSH!
FIZZ!
BUT IT BOTHERS THE KNEE NERVS...
KNEE CAP DEPT.
HELP! HELP! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
AND THE TOE NERVS...
WHOOSH!
TOE ROOM
AAGH!
GLUG!
AND THE BRAIN NERVS, WHO, BEING BRAINY, KNEW EXACTLY WHO TO BLAME...
BRAINS
AAGH!
FIZZ!
POP!
GRRR! WE KNOW WHOSE FAULT THIS IS, DON'T WE?
LET'S TEACH THEM A LESSON!
PULVERISATION!
STOMACH
LOOK OUT! IT'S THE B-BRAIN NERVS!
BASH!
BUMP!
TAKE THAT!
BONK!
OOH! OOH! THOSE SALTS MUST BE WORKING! MY TUM'S IN A REAL OLD TURMOIL!
AGH! IT'S SETTLED AT LAST, THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT!
HEY, DAD - WHAT'S SIX AND SEVEN?
WELL-ER-WELL-ER-ER-IT'S-ER-
HUH! YOUR TUM'S ALWAYS FULL AND YOUR HEAD EMPTY!
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
BUT IT IS! LOOK - HIS HEAD IS EMPTY!
BRAINS
YUP! IT'S HIS TUM THAT'S FULL, ALL RIGHT - BUT NO WONDER IT'S QUIET NOW!
STOMACH DEPT.
ZZZ

QUEEN OF THE

ENOCH DRIP HAS BEEN BURIED AT SEA BY HIS BOSUN, BERT BLOOP, WHO THINKS HE'S DEAD! BUT ENOCH IS VERY MUCH ALIVE — AND KICKING!

YOU SAW THAT FAT SLOB OF A BOSUN TRY TO DROWN ME —

?

— I WANT YOU AS A WITNESS!

MEANWHILE, BERT STEAMS ON, ABOARD THE TREACLE TANKER, 'GOOEY-GUTS,' HER TREACLE-SPLATTERED CREW ARE HIDING UP THE MAST FROM THEIR UNINVITED GUESTS...

WE'RE NOT COMIN' DOWN WHILE THOSE TWO NAUTICAL-NUTTERS ARE AT LARGE!

ALSO ABOARD IS ENOCH'S SHIP, 'QUEENIE'! AND NOW BERT IS TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO GET HER BACK IN THE SEA...

AIDING HIM IS YOUNG 'NUTTY' SLACK — A STOKER-APPRENTICE.

ALL YOU CAN DO, MISTER BLOOP, IS GET UP STEAM, AN' BASH YOUR WAY THROUGH THE SIDE!

M-M-M! A GOOD IDEA, LAD!

LET ME SEE — TO BUILD UP ENOUGH PRESSURE IN THE BOILER, I'LL NEED ABOUT EIGHT EXTRA BAGS OF COAL!

HO-HO! I CAN SOON FIX YOU UP WITH THAT, MISTER BLOOP! FOLLOW ME!

A FEW MINUTES LATER — IN THE STOKEHOLD...

HERE WE ARE, MISTER BLOOP! TWO HUNDRED TONS OF COAL! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS START THE CONVEYOR BELT IN REVERSE, AND IT'LL CART EIGHT HUNDRED-WEIGHT UP ON DECK IN TWO TICKS!

WELL DONE, LAD!

AND SO — HAVING PUSHED 'QUEENIE' INTO POSITION BESIDE THE COAL-CHUTE, BERT STANDS BY TO RECEIVE HIS EIGHT HUNDREDWEIGHT —

RIGHT, NUTTY! SHE'S IN POSITION!

START CHUTING!

BUT...

OKAY! EIGHT HUNDRED-WEIGHT COMIN' UP — ERK!! I'VE SLIPPED ON A BLOB OF GREASE!

SKID!

BR-R-R!

SO SQUAWKING, NUTTY FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE ON THE WHIZZING COAL CONVEYOR:...

...AND, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...

HELP! SHIFT YOUR FACE —

WHIZZ!

— I'M COMIN' UP!

BR-R-R!

SHIFT WHAT? — OUCH!!

ZIP!

YOU YOUNG HOOLIGAN! SLOW IT DOWN! EEK! OUCH! OO-YAH!

BAM!

BIFF!

CRACK!

WHAT'S THAT?

HERE! WHERE ARE YOU?

CLUNK!

I'M IN THE PERISHIN' COAL-HOPPER!

STOP HIDING IN THERE 'AND — YOWLK!

BASH!

ZOOM!

A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER, 'QUEENIE' IS FULLY MANNED, AND READY TO PUT TO SEA!

BLAH-H!

GURGLE!

SEAS

BUT DOWN BELOW, THE COAL-CONVEYOR CONTINUES TO CART COAL FROM THE BASE OF THE 2,000 TON STACK AT SIX HUNDRED-WEIGHT-PER-SECOND...

TOTTER!

WOBBLE!

RUMBLE!

BR-R-R!

...UNTIL THE WHOLE LOT TOPPLES FROM ITS CENTRAL POSITION ON THE STOKEHOLD FLOOR TO CRASH AGAINST THE STARBOARD WALL...

ROAR!

CRASH!

...WITH GHASTLY RESULTS!

HELP! SHE'S LISTING TO STARBOAD. WE MUST BE MAKING HER TOP-HEAVY!

ABANDON MAST!

AAGH! WE CAN'T! WE'RE STUCK TO IT WITH TREACLE! HELP!—

—AGH-H!

S.O.S.!

SOS!

MAY-DAY!

AT THIS POINT, 'QUEENIE' GLIDES GRACEFULLY BACK INTO THE SEA WITH EIGHT HUNDRED-WEIGHT OF COAL ON TOP OF HER CREW!

M-M-M-M!

SUFFERIN' CAT-FISH! WHAT'S HAPPENIN?

Kerr Reid

S.O.S!

MAYDAY!

MUVVER!

A-ARGLE!—HELP!

SPLOOSH!

SECONDS LATER, S.S 'GOOEY-GUTS' TURNS BELLY-UPWARDS...

BLOYLK!

...AND SLIDES SLOWLY DOWN—FOR KEEPS!

PHOOO!

GLUGGLE! UGGLE!

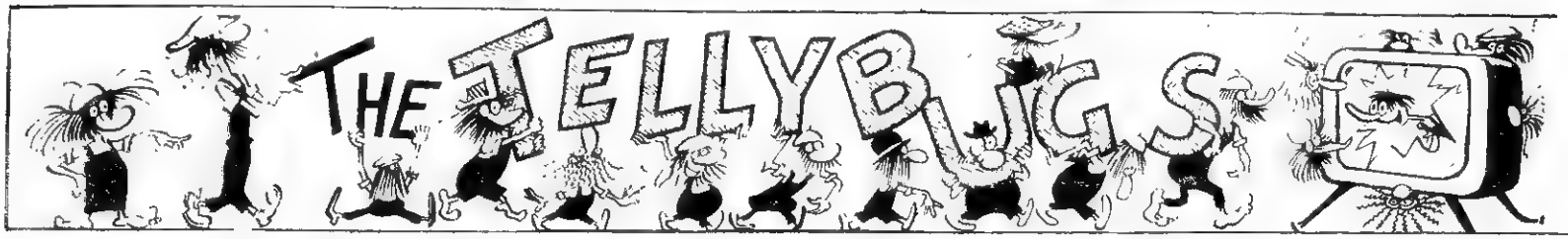
AND SO PEACE REIGNS ONCE AGAIN OVER THE UNBLEMISHED WATERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN!

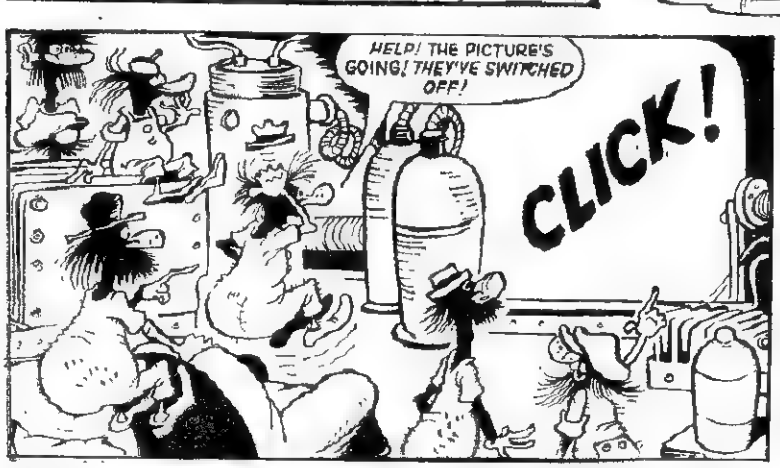
BUT 15 FATHOMS DOWN, IN THE GRIP OF THE GULF-STREAM...

JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON BERT BLOOP —JUST WAIT!

NEXT WEEK, ENOCH GETS HIS CHANCE, SHIP-MATES. HE'S REUNITED WITH BERTIE, AS 'THE GHOST OF ENOCH DRIP!'

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ONE – BUT THEY LIVE IN EVERY TELLY...





MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

PAPER MAGIC!

Float some small scraps of paper in a saucer of water and ask anybody if they can make the paper go to the sides of the saucer just by dipping a finger in the water.

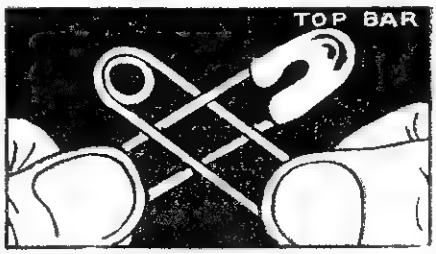
When they do, nothing will happen. But when YOU dip in YOUR finger, the paper will move towards the edge.

The secret? You have scraped soap under your finger nail!

FOR TWO PINS...!

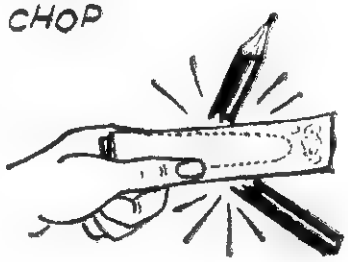
Yes, for two pins, I'll tell you how to make steel pass right through steel! So let's take two safety pins of the same size, and link them together EXACTLY as shown in the drawing.

Blow on the pins—you can tell everyone that this softens the steel—then jerk them apart. THE PINS WILL SEPARATE, though they are still closed.



Afterwards you can invite your friends to have a try. But as there are so many WRONG ways of linking the pins, they are unlikely to succeed.

PENCIL CHOP



Ever tried to chop a pencil through with a folded pound note? No-one will believe it possible until you show them. Ask a mate to hold out a pencil tightly at each end while you try.

The secret is that as you swing the folded note sharply down like an axe, you extend your first finger behind (see sketch) and it is this finger that actually chops through the pencil. Don't worry, it doesn't hurt—and no one will spot the trick.

STRIKE IT RICH!

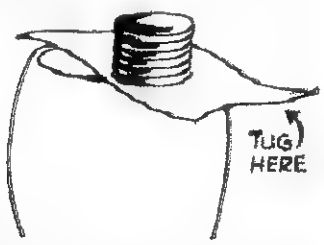
You'll need plenty of money for these tricks, but don't worry you won't lose it! Balance a threepenny bit on a pound note, one end of which is just overlapping the edge of a table.

Now challenge your mates to take away the pound without causing the threepenny to fall. When they've all failed, you strike the overlapping edge of the note sharply with the side of your hand. The pound will fly off the table, leaving the coin exactly in its place.

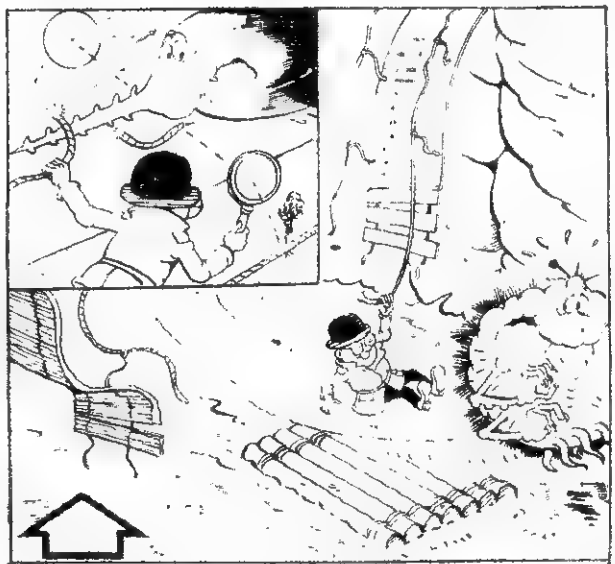
You'll need six pennies as well as your pound for our next—and even more impressive—trick.

Balance the money on a tumbler as shown in the drawing.

Challenge your audience to take away the pound without upsetting the pennies.



The answer this time is to give the note a sharp tug. This needs a bit of practice first, but you'll soon get the knack to do it successfully every time.



THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

He ducks to dodge the swordfish, at the same time holding up the rope-rail so that its blade slashes it through. The magnified sun-rays burn through the rope that was snicked by the badly-aimed sword.

Holding on as the bridge collapses, he swings down to kick the monster off the raft—on which he is swiftly carried away from danger.

10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

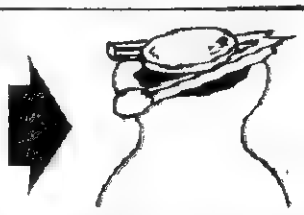
My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Look at the drawing. Can you get the small coin into the bottle without touching or blowing the coin, bottle or matchstick?

Here's how it's done. Just put a drop of water where the matchstick is cracked. It will immediately spring open for the coin to drop through!



STAMP QUIZ

Do You Know:—

1. What country has "U.A.R." on its stamps?
2. What country NEVER puts its name on its stamps?
3. Must a stamp have a "watermark" to be genuine?
4. What was the former name of "ZAMBIA"?

Prizes: 3 TRIANGULAR stamps free for each correct answer. Special packet of 15 different Triangular stamps free for 4 correct answers. Our wonderful new Special Approvals will also be sent to all applicants. (Please inform your parents)

PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept SH 19)
Eastrington, Goole, Yorks.

NEW STAMP QUIZ 1/3 *DO YOU KNOW?*

1. What country has "MAGYAR POSTA" on its stamps?
2. Name any person (other than Royalty, who has appeared on British stamps
3. What is meant by a "MINT" stamp?
4. What is the former name for "GHANA"?

Prizes. 3 stamps catalogued over 10- FREE for each correct answer. Special packet of 12 stamps CATALOGUED OVER 50 - free for all 4 correct answers. Our superb Bargain Approvals will also be sent to all entrants. (Please tell your parents).

UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY (Dept SH 20)
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THE GHOST PATROL

Joe Timm and his patrol have been carried back to the year 1,000 B.C. by a time-machine. They help the Greeks to defeat the Trojans on the isle of Lemnos, then Joe asks the Greeks to chase Erhart, the patrol's German prisoner who has escaped with their landing craft...

PRIVATE PADDY O'CONNELL WAS CARRYING THE TIME-MACHINE. HE STOOD WATCHING, WITH CORPORAL JOCK McLUCKIE...

STRANGE, ISN'T IT, JOCK, TO THINK THAT *THIS* LITTLE BOX HAD THE POWER TO SWITCH US FROM 1941—SO THAT WE WERE FIGHTING TROJANS—NOT NAZIS!

WE'RE *STILL* FIGHTING NAZIS, PADDY—ERHART'S GOT OUR LANDING CRAFT! BUT WE'LL GET THEM BOTH BACK!

WHEN THE TANK WAS ON THE RAFT, TWO GALLEYS TOWED IT OFF-SHORE...

ALL RIGHT, EASE UP! SHE FLOATS—NOW LET'S HOPE SHE'S SEAWORTHY!

IT WAS JOE, A MOMENT LATER, WHO SAW THE TELL-TALE SIGN IN THE WATER—A BROAD BAND OF RAINBOW-COLOURED OILINESS, WANDERING INTO THE DISTANCE...

LOOK, JOCK—THAT'S PETROL ON THE WATER! IT CAN'T COME FROM ANYTHING ELSE BUT THE LANDING CRAFT!

AYE! AND THERE'S SO MUCH OF IT THAT THE FUEL TANKS MUST HAVE *SPRUNG A LEAK!* ERHART WON'T GET FAR!

JOE GAVE THE GREEKS INSTRUCTIONS—AND VERY SOON THE GALLEYS WERE UNDER WAY, FOLLOWING THE OILY TRAIL STRETCHING TO THE HORIZON...

ERHART'S ONLY GOT ABOUT A COUPLE OF HOURS' LEAD ON US! IF IT WERE A CLEAR DAY WE COULD PROBABLY *SEE* HIM ON THE HORIZON!

I WONDER WHERE HE THOUGHT HE WAS HEADING FOR?

ERHART HAD BEEN HEADING FOR EGYPT. HE WAS FAR OUT TO SEA, MAKING HIS FUTURE PLANS. HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE FROM PURSUIT—HE DID NOT LOOK BEHIND!

I WILL SHOW THE EGYPTIANS HOW TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES—WITH ME AS THEIR KING, THEY WILL RULE THE ANCIENT WORLD...!

SUDDENLY, THE LANDING CRAFT ENGINE SPLUTTERED—AND CUT OUT ALTOGETHER!

DONNER UND BLITZEN—WHAT'S HAPPENING?

WHEN ERHART DISCOVERED THAT THE TANK HAD BEEN PUNCTURED BY A STRAY BULLET, HE GAVE HIMSELF UP TO DESPAIR. HE WAS SITTING IN THE DRIFTING CRAFT, TWO HOURS LATER, WHEN THE PATROL CAUGHT UP!

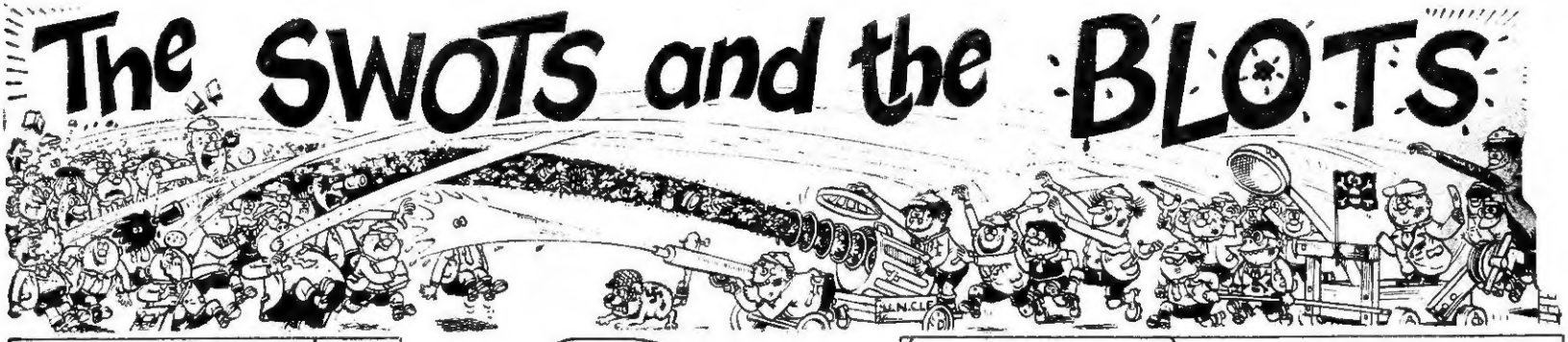
THERE HE IS!

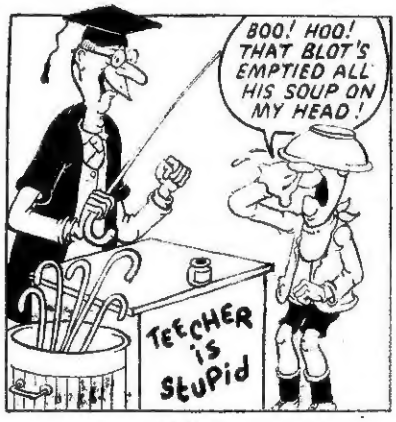
NEXT WEEK: FACE TO FACE

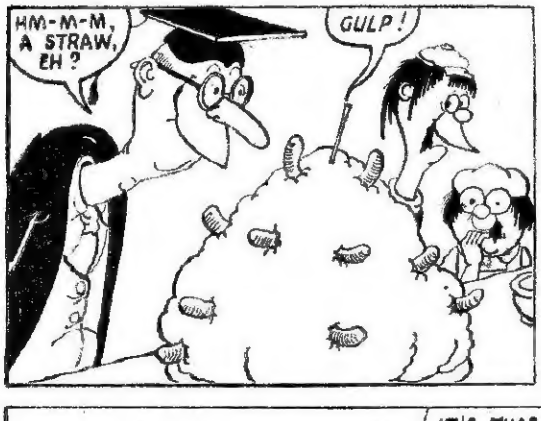
ERHART WAS SO DESPONDENT HE GAVE IN WITHOUT A STRUGGLE!
ACH!
THINK YOURSELF LUCKY, ERHART! IF WE HADN'T BEEN ON YOUR TRAIL, YOU'D HAVE DRIFTED FOR WEEKS, AND PROBABLY DIED!
BUT IT WAS PADDY WHO REALLY HURT THE NAZI'S PRIDE...
SEE THIS, ERHART? PETROL! IF YOU'D HAD THE SENSE TO PLUG THE HOLE IN THE TANK, THEN FILL THE TANK FROM THESE CANS, YOU'D HAVE GOT AWAY EASILY!
THE TANK WAS PLUGGED AND FILLED. THEN THE LANDING CRAFT WAS ROPED TO THE RAFT IN PLACE OF THE GALLEYS. JOE MEANT TO GO ON...
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, ARTAX! WE'VE ENOUGH PETROL TO SEE US TO EGYPT, SO YOU CAN GO BACK TO LEMNOS!
SO BE IT, JOE! MAY GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU— AND LET US HOPE WE MEET AGAIN!
THE GALLEYS DEPARTED— AND THE LANDING CRAFT CHUGGED ON, TOWING THE TANK BEHIND. ERHART WAS NOW SECURELY TIED.
WHY NOT USE THE TIME-MACHINE NOW, SARGE, TO GET US ALL BACK TO 1941?
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, PADDY— THESE ARE ENEMY WATERS IN 1941— BUT THEY AREN'T IN 1,000 B.C.! SO WE CRUISE ON SAFELY UNTIL WE REACH EGYPT— AND THEN WE SWITCH BACK! SEE?
THEY SAILED ON FOR TWO DAYS, FOLLOWING THE COMPASS. AT LAST, THE NILE DELTA LAY BEFORE THEM. THEN THEY WERE CRUISING INLAND THROUGH BROAD, WEEDY CHANNELS OF FRESH WATER...
HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE A STONE LANDING STAGE RIGHT AHEAD!
THE LOST PATROL WENT ASHORE— CAUTIOUSLY!
ANY SIGN OF LIFE, JOCK?
YES— I'M SURE I SAW SOMETHING MOVE IN THOSE REEDS OVER THERE!
HIDDEN BY THE REEDS, THE EGYPTIAN HUNTER RAISED HIS BOW. HIS ARROWS HAD NO POINTS, BUT PADDED ENDS. THEY WERE THE KIND USED FOR HUNTING BIRDS...
IT IS MUCH MAGIC— A BOAT WITHOUT SAILS OR OARS!
BUT WE WILL SOON SEE IF THE BEINGS WHO HAVE STEPPED OUT OF IT ARE MEN— OR GODS!

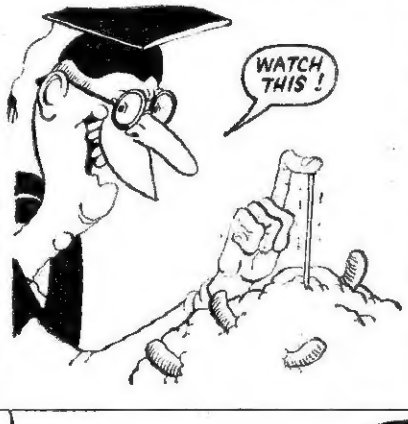
WITH THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS!

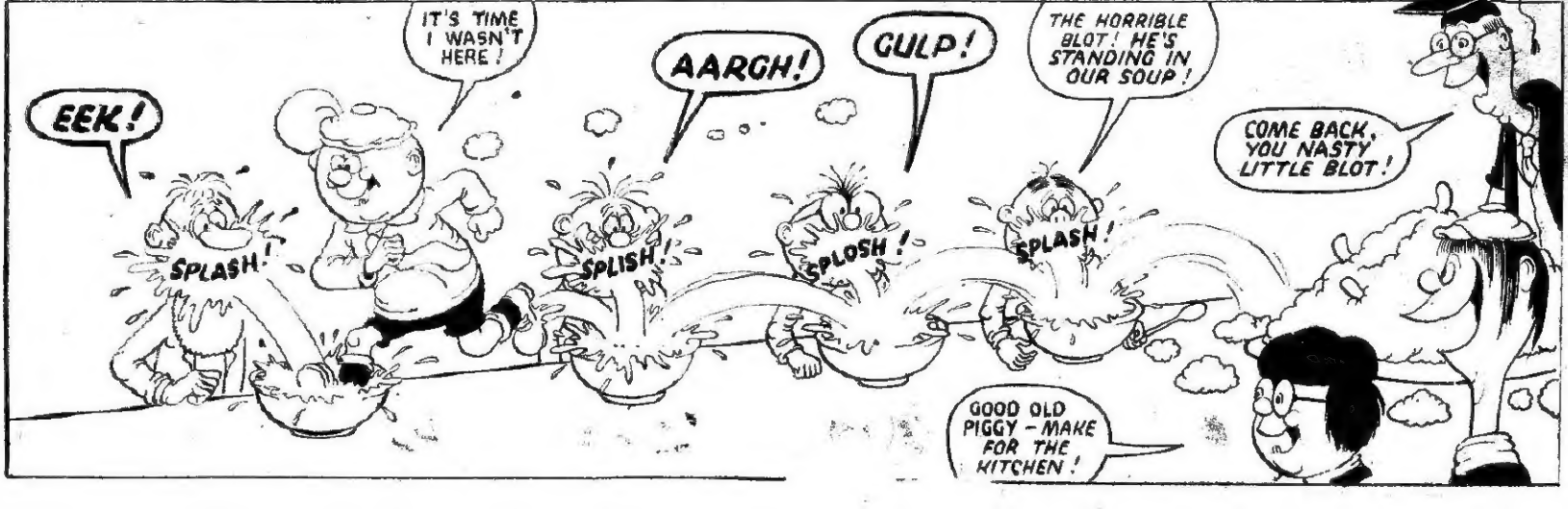
The SWOTS and the BLOTS



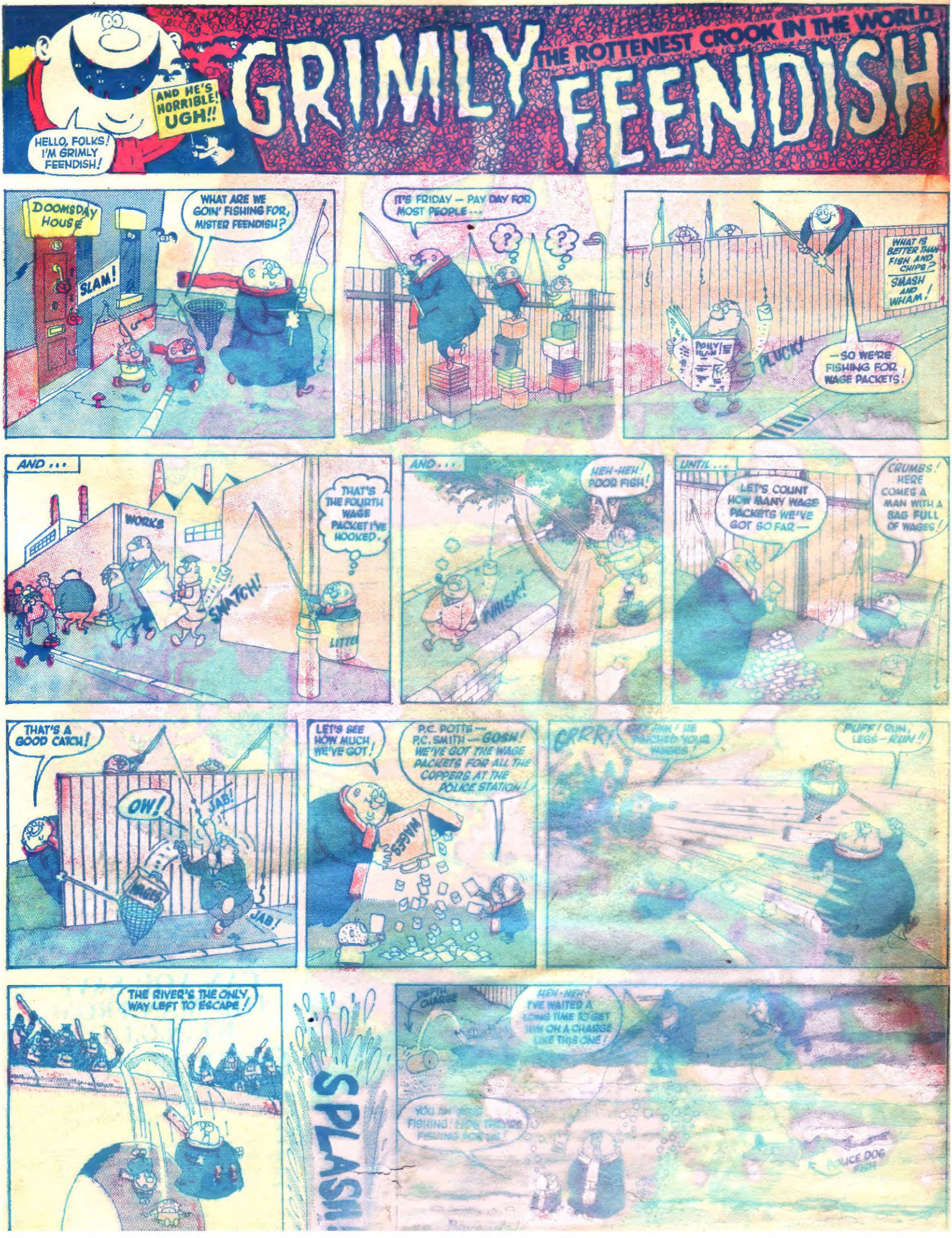








IN THE KITCHEN...
AARGH! GULP!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT!
MINCE MEAT
1 CWT OF SAUSAGE AND MASH
1 CWT OF SAUSAGE AND MASH
YOU WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE, YOU SILLY OL' TEACHER!
GRR! WHERE'S THAT BLOT GONE?
HEH! HEH! TEACH'LL NEVER FIND ME IN HERE, BUT I'LL STAY UNTIL SCHOOL'S OVER!
SCHOOL KITCHEN DOOR
PIG BIN
PIG BIN
PIG BIN
AT 3 O'CLOCK...
?
OI'VE COME FOR THEM THAR' PIG BINS!
HELP YOURSELF!
PIG BIN
PIG BIN
NOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?
PIG BIN
PIG BIN
PHEW! THIS ONE'S HEAVY!
THAT'S GOT RID OF ALL THAT PIG SWILL!
AAGH!
PONG!
HOW DID THAT LITTLE KID GET IN THERE?
WELCOME HOME, BRUVVER!
BAH!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER!
SUCK!
OINK!
GEROFF!
H'MM! HE'S BETTER LOOKIN' THAN ME—BUT IF I GET AS MUDDY AS HIM, IT MIGHT MAKE ME JUST AS BEAUTIFUL!
THE SWOTS WERE RIGHT, READERS! —THIS BLOT IS A LITTLE PIG, ALL HIS RELATIONS RECOGNISE HIM!


HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
DOOMSDAY HOUSE
SLAM!
WHAT ARE WE GOIN' FISHING FOR, MISTER FEENDISH?
IT'S FRIDAY — PAY DAY FOR MOST PEOPLE...
WHAT IS BETTER THAN FISH AND CHIPS? SMASH AND WHAM!
DAILY SLUM
PLUCK!
—SO WE'RE FISHING FOR WAGE PACKETS!
AND...
WORKS
SNATCH!
THAT'S THE FOURTH WAGE PACKET I'VE HOOKED.
LITTER
AND...
HEH-HEH! POOR FISH!
WHISK!
UNTIL...
LET'S COUNT HOW MANY WAGE PACKETS WE'VE GOT SO FAR —
CRUMBS! HERE COMES A MAN WITH A BAG FULL OF WAGES!
THAT'S A GOOD CATCH!
OW!
JAB!
WAGES
JAB!
LET'S SEE HOW MUCH WE'VE GOT!
P.C. POTTS — P.C. SMITH — GOSH! WE'VE GOT THE WAGE PACKETS FOR ALL THE COPPERS AT THE POLICE STATION!
WAGES
GRRR!
OH, FINK! HE PINCHED YOUR WAGES!
PUFF! RUN, LEGS — RUN!!
THE RIVER'S THE ONLY WAY LEFT TO ESCAPE!
SPLASH!
DEPTH CHARGE
HEH-HEH! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME TO GET HIM ON A CHARGE LIKE THIS ONE!
YOU SH[illegible] FISHING! HE'S THROWIN[illegible] FISHING FOR ME!
POLICE DOG FISH